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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ALL NEW
MONSTER HUNTERS
CHARLTON PUBLICATION
THE KRAKEN!
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THIS FRIGHTENING STORY WAS RELATED TO ME BY CLAYTON BRADLEY, A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER. IT BEGAN ON A QUIET EVENING WHEN HE RECEIVED A DESPERATE CALL FROM A MAN CLAIMING TO BE ROGER PALMROY, THE WELL KNOWN SCIENTIST. PALMROY HAD MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE AND WANTED BRADLEY TO CORRECT IT. THE MISTAKE WAS A BEAST CALLED...

the CONGLOMERATE!

THE CABBIE WOULD BRING ME NO CLOSER TO THE MANOR THAN THE GATE OF THE CAST IRON FENCE WHICH SURROUNDED THE HUGE ESTATE.

EDITOR-GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER-NICK CUTI
ARTIST-STEVE DITKO

THAT CAB DRIVER ACTED AS IF THESE GROUNDS WERE *DANGEROUS*. SURELY, PALMROY WOULDN'T ALLOW VICIOUS ANIMALS TO ROAM LOOSE!

WHAT WAS THAT?

D-8205

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMETHING MOVING THROUGH THERE.

GOOD LORD! I'VE NEVER SEEN A CREATURE LIKE THAT BEFORE. IS THE *MOONLIGHT* PLAYING TRICKS WITH MY SENSES?

MONSTER HUNTERS Vol. 3, No. 10, October, 1977.
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THAT MUST BE THE BEAST PALMROY WANTS ME TO KILL. HE SAID THAT IT WAS MENACING HIS FAMILY BUT HE NEVER MENTIONED WHAT IT WAS.
I HOPE THIS RIFLE HAS ENOUGH FIRE-POWER TO DEAL WITH THE THING. IF HE HAD AT LEAST GIVEN ME A HINT THAT IT WAS SOMETHING OUT-LANDISH, THEN I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT A MORE POWERFUL WEAPON!
GONE! THERE GOES MY CHANCE FOR A FAST KILL.
IN THE GRAND MANSION, I WAS SURPRISED TO BE GREETED SO CALMLY BY PALMROY. SINCE I HAD SEEN THE BEAST, I KNEW THAT IT WAS NOT A CREATURE TO TRIFLE WITH, BUT PALMROY'S VOICE EXHIBITED ONLY CONCERN, NOT FEAR.
I'M GLAD THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO MAKE IT, BRADLEY. THE BEAST HAS BECOME A PROBLEM.
YOU DON'T APPEAR TO BE FRIGHTENED BY IT AND IT IS QUITE A MONSTER.
MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY. I SHOULDN'T BE OVER ANXIOUS OR I MIGHT MAKE AN ERROR. IF THE THING IS STALKING THESE GROUNDS, HE WON'T BE LEAVING FOR A WHILE.
12

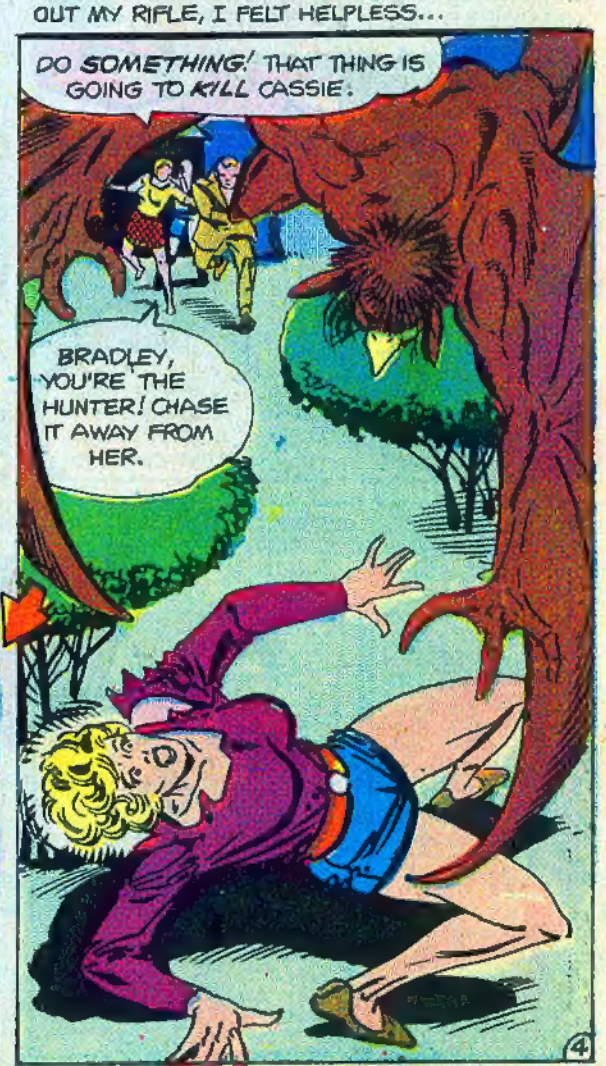
AH, YOU'VE SEEN IT. THE REASON I AM NOT TERRIFIED BY IT IS BECAUSE I CREATED THE THING.
YOU!? WOULD YOU EXPLAIN TO ME HOW YOU DID THAT?
CERTAINLY, I'D BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU MY WORK. MY LABORATORY IS IN THE SHACK YOU PASSED AS YOU CAME TO THE HOUSE. MY WIFE WON'T ALLOW ME TO EXPERIMENT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.
I'VE READ THAT YOU CROSS-BREED ANIMALS. IS THAT HOW THE CREATURE CAME INTO EXISTENCE?
I HAVE TAKEN CROSS-BREEDING MUCH FURTHER THAN MOST OTHERS IN THIS FIELD. BEFORE, ONE COULD ONLY CROSS-BREED ANIMALS OF THE SAME SPECIES.
YOU MEAN LIKE CROSSING A COLLIE WITH A GREAT DANE?
YOU SEE THE LIMITATIONS. DOGS ONLY WITH DOGS. FISH ONLY WITH FISH, BUT I HAVE BROKEN THAT BARRIER. I CAN BREED ANY TWO ANIMALS.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU CAN CROSS A DOG WITH A...CAT?
THAT IS EXACTLY CORRECT. AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY MIXED SEVERAL ANIMALS.
AMAZING.
ARE YOU FASCINATED WITH MY HUSBAND'S LITTLE MONSTERS? I DESPISE THEM.

BRADLEY, I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET MY WIFE, MELINDA. SHE DOESN'T APPROVE OF MY RESEARCH.
ONLY BECAUSE YOU INSIST ON BRINGING IT TO YOUR HOME. BECAUSE OF YOU, THERE'S THAT *THING* WANDERING ABOUT. YOU HAVE *NO* REGARD FOR OUR SAFETY.

NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR. THAT'S WHY I'VE HIRED MR. BRADLEY. HE'S A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER.
I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU'RE VERY EXPENSIVE, BUT MONEY IS NO OBJECT, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S *MY* MONEY!

I'LL TRY TO DO A GOOD JOB, M'AM. COULD ONE OF YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BEAST?
I CALL IT THE *CONGLOMERATE* SINCE IT IS A COMBINATION OF FOUR BEASTS. THE WINGS ARE THOSE OF A BAT AND...
EEEEEEEE
CASSANDRA!

WHAT WE SAW ILLUMINATED IN THE MOONLIGHT FROZE US IN HORROR. MELINDA'S FEARFUL VOICE SNAPPED ME TO MY SENSES BUT WITHOUT MY RIFLE, I FELT HELPLESS...



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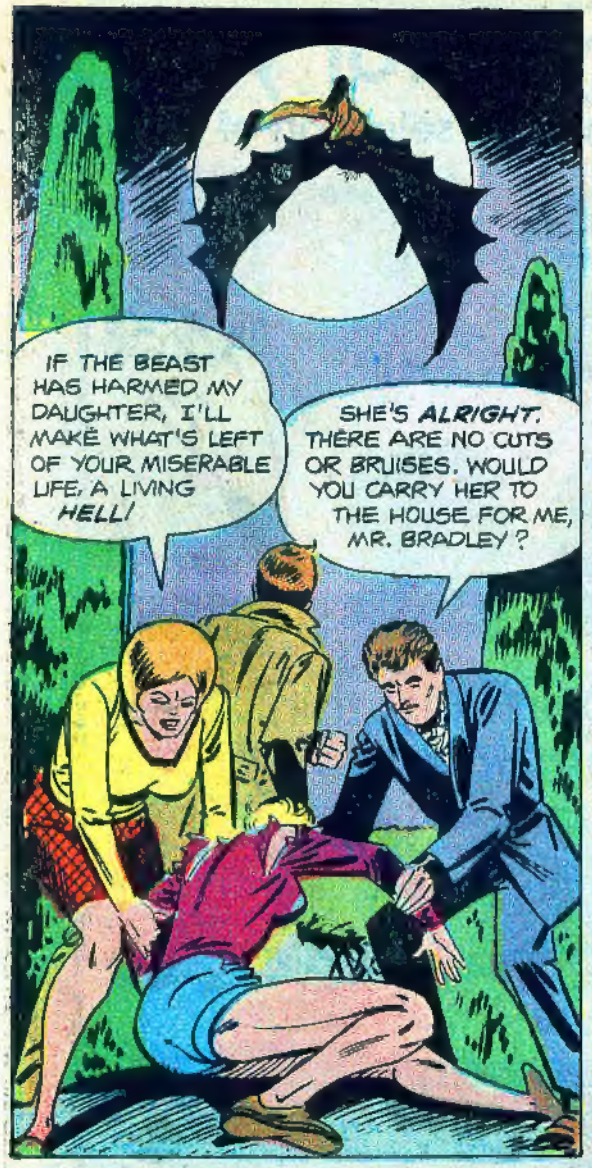
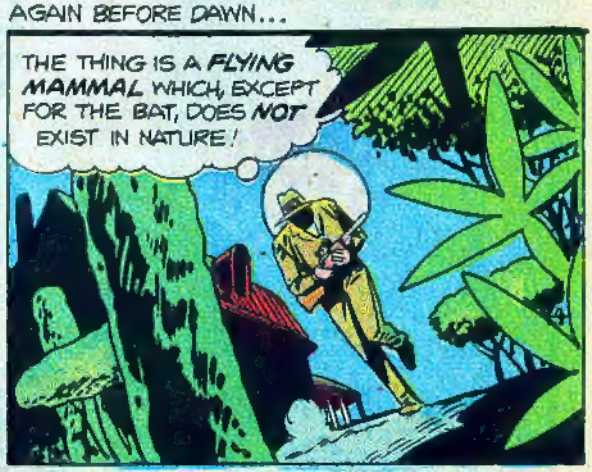

IF THE BEAST HAS HARMED MY DAUGHTER, I'LL MAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE A LIVING HELL!
SHE'S ALRIGHT. THERE ARE NO CUTS OR BRUISES. WOULD YOU CARRY HER TO THE HOUSE FOR ME, MR. BRADLEY?

I'D BEST KEEP MY RIFLE WITH ME AT ALL TIMES FROM NOW ON. IF I HAD IT WITH ME, THEN THE CONGLOMERATE WOULDN'T BE BOTHERING YOU ANYMORE.

I DECIDED NOT TO WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO BEGIN MY SEARCH FOR THE BEAST, SINCE I HAD BEEN TOLD THAT THE CONGLOMERATE WAS A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT. I KNEW THE ANIMAL WOULD LIKELY ATTACK AGAIN BEFORE DAWN...



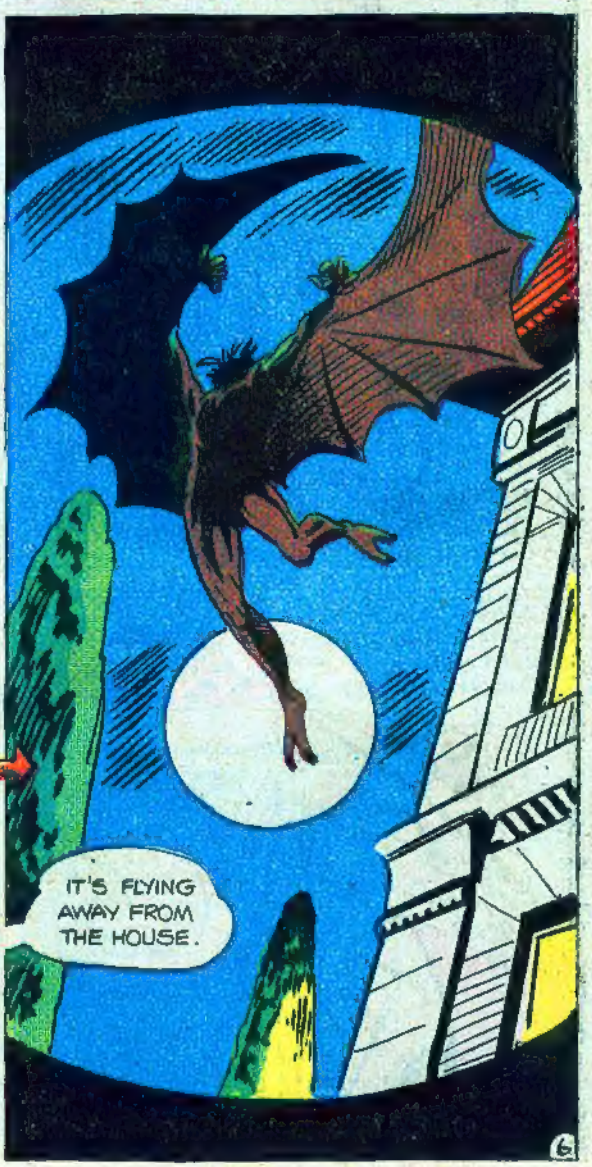
THAT MEANS I CAN'T DEPEND ON KNOWING ITS HABITS TO TRACK IT DOWN SINCE IT WON'T HAVE THE SAME INSTINCTS AS AN ORDINARY BEAST.
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A TWIG CRACKING!

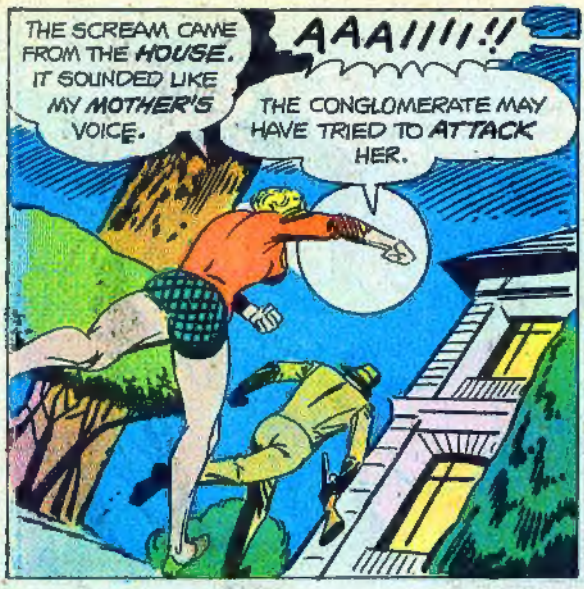
DON'T SHOOT! I'M NOT THE CONGLOMERATE!
I CAN SEE THAT, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU SHOULD BE IN BED.

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME. I JUST FAINTED. I THOUGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO AID YOU IN FINDING "ROVER."
YOU HAVE A MIGHTY AFFECTIONATE NAME FOR THAT MONSTER.

HE WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A TERROR. WHEN MY STEP-FATHER FIRST MADE HIM, ROVER WAS VERY GENTLE. HOW DO YOU HOPE TO SEE HIM IN THE DARK?
THIS IS AN INFRA-RED LAMP. WHEN I LOOK THROUGH THE SCOPE, I CAN SEE EVERY-THING CLEARLY. TAKE A LOOK.

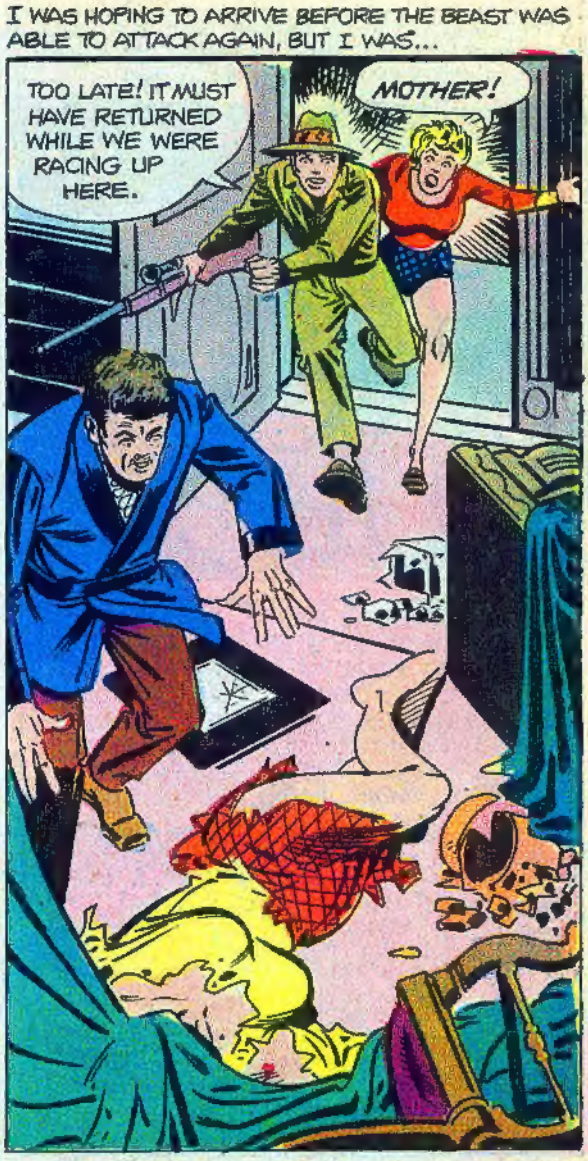
YOU SAID THAT THE BEAST WASN'T ALWAYS SO VICIOUS.
IT WAS RECENTLY THAT HE BECAME SO DEADLY. BEFORE THEN, HE WAS MY PET AND... HEY, I CAN SEE ROVER.


IT'S FLYING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE.
6


THE SCREAM CAME FROM THE HOUSE. IT SOUNDED LIKE MY MOTHER'S VOICE.
AAAIIII!!
THE CONGLOMERATE MAY HAVE TRIED TO ATTACK HER.

I HIRED YOU TO PREVENT THIS FROM HAPPENING! I WAS TOLD THAT YOU WERE GOOD.
I'M TRULY SORRY, MR. PALMROY, BUT I'LL DESTROY THE CREATURE BEFORE IT DOES MORE HARM.

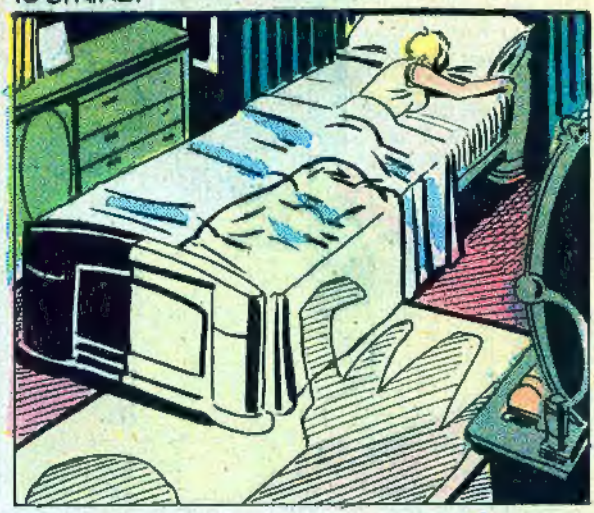
SEE THAT YOU DO BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO PAY YOU A CENT UNTIL THAT THING IS ELIMINATED.


I WAS HOPING TO ARRIVE BEFORE THE BEAST WAS ABLE TO ATTACK AGAIN, BUT I WAS...
TOO LATE! IT MUST HAVE RETURNED WHILE WE WERE RACING UP HERE.
MOTHER!

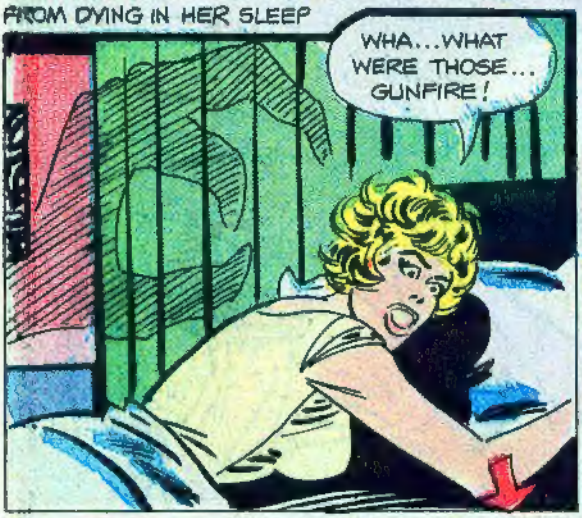
CASSIE SAID THAT SHE SAW THE BEAST FLY AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. FROM WHERE SHE WAS STANDING AND POINTING THE RIFLE, IT MUST HAVE FLOWN NORTH.

I ASSUME THAT HE MIGHT HAVE MADE HIMSELF A LAIR IN THE WOODS BUT IF HE WAS SMART, HIS DEN WOULD BE OUTSIDE THE FENCE. I'LL CHECK AROUND HERE ANYWAY.
I MADE THE NEAR FATAL MISTAKE OF DROPPING MY GUARD FOR A SECOND AND THE CREATURE SEIZED THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SWOOP DOWN ON ME.
I HAD NO TIME TO TAKE AIM AND FIRE. BECAUSE I WAS HOLDING THE BARREL OF THE RIFLE IN MY HANDS LIKE A CLUB, I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO USE IT IN THAT FASHION.
CRACK
CAWW
I DROVE IT OFF TEMPORARILY BUT MY WEAPON IS BROKEN AND MAY NOT FIRE.
HERE IT COMES AND THERE'S NO USE SETTING UP A SHOT. IF THE RIFLE IS STILL IN WORKING ORDER, I'LL HAVE TO TOSS THE BULLETS IN ITS DIRECTION AND HOPE FOR A STRIKE.
SCREEEE
8

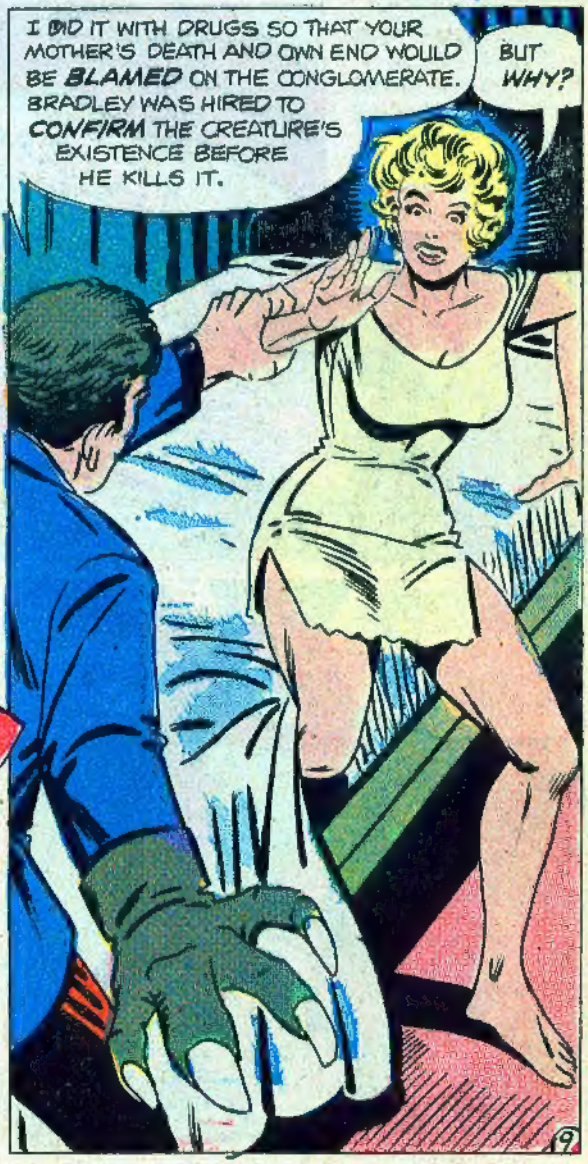
NOT FAR AWAY, I WAS UNAWARE THAT THERE WAS A SECOND MONSTER LOOSE AND IT WAS PREPARING TO STRIKE.

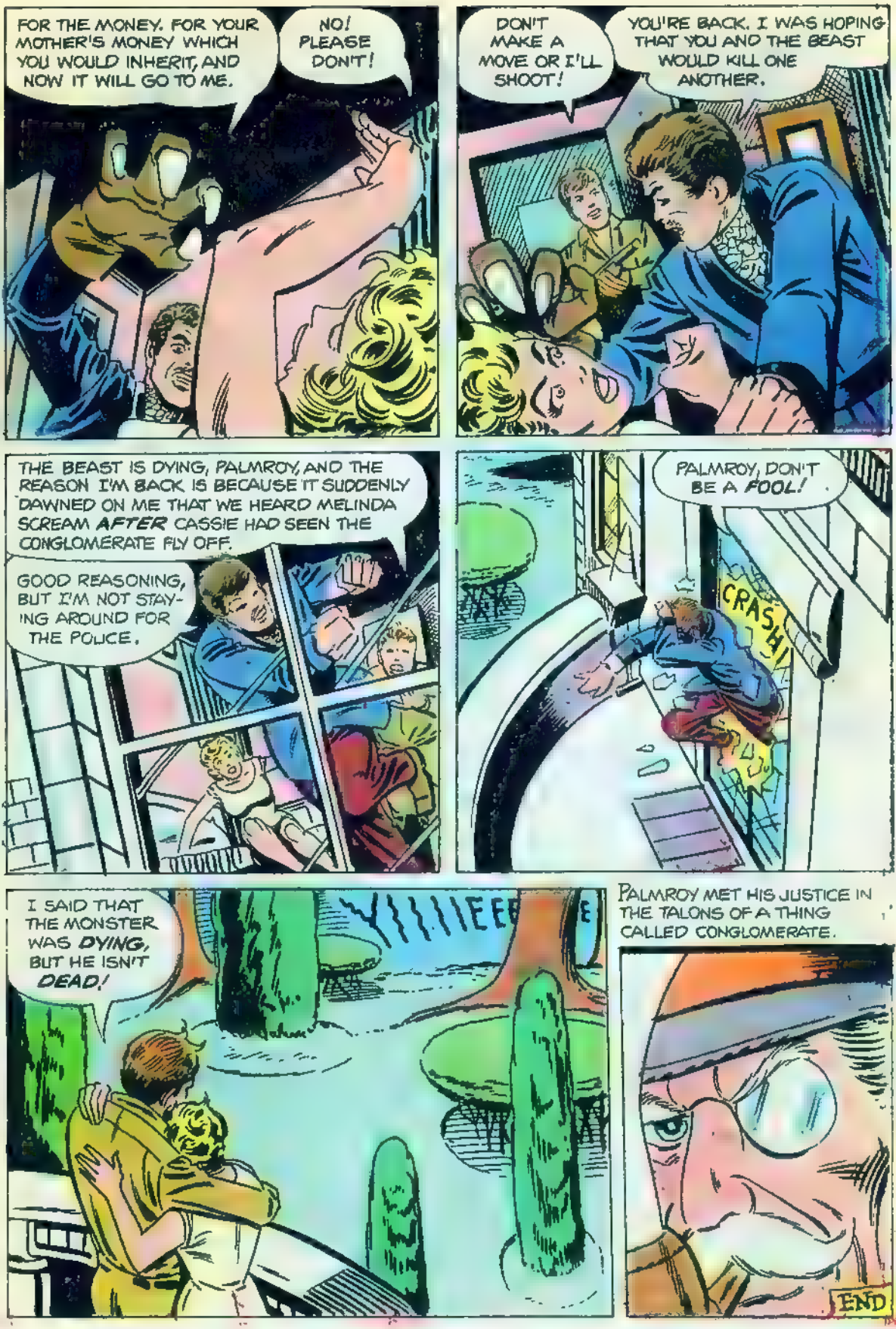


THE NOISE OF MY RIFLE FIRE AWOKE CASSIE FROM HER UNEASY SLUMBER AND SAVED HER FROM DYING IN HER SLEEP



DON'T TURN...! WHAT A SHAME, CASSIE. I WOULD HAVE MADE IT AS PAIN-LESS AS I COULD. BUT NOW YOU MUST FEEL EACH CLAW AS IT RIPS INTO YOUR FLESH.
YOU'RE THE KILLER, NOT THE BEAST! YOU MADE IT GO CRAZY.


I DID IT WITH DRUGS SO THAT YOUR MOTHER'S DEATH AND OWN END WOULD BE BLAMED ON THE CONGLOMERATE. BRADLEY WAS HIRED TO CONFIRM THE CREATURE'S EXISTENCE BEFORE HE KILLS IT.
BUT WHY?

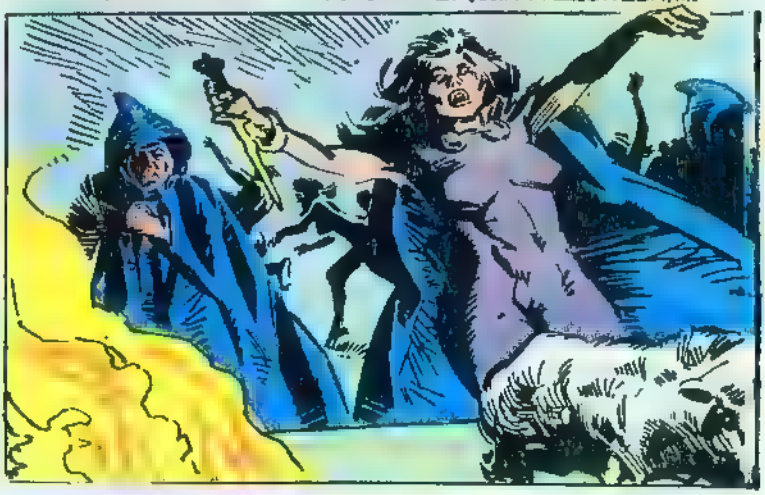

FOR THE MONEY. FOR YOUR MOTHER'S MONEY WHICH YOU WOULD INHERIT, AND NOW IT WILL GO TO ME.
NO! PLEASE DON'T!
DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!
YOU'RE BACK. I WAS HOPING THAT YOU AND THE BEAST WOULD KILL ONE ANOTHER.
THE BEAST IS DYING, PALMROY, AND THE REASON I'M BACK IS BECAUSE IT SUDDENLY DAWNED ON ME THAT WE HEARD MELINDA SCREAM *AFTER* CASSIE HAD SEEN THE CONGLOMERATE FLY OFF.
GOOD REASONING, BUT I'M NOT STAYING AROUND FOR THE POLICE.
PALMROY, DON'T BE A *FOOL!*
CRASH!
I SAID THAT THE MONSTER WAS *DYING*, BUT HE ISN'T *DEAD!*
PALMROY MET HIS JUSTICE IN THE TALONS OF A THING CALLED CONGLOMERATE.
END

THE WITCHES' SABBAT

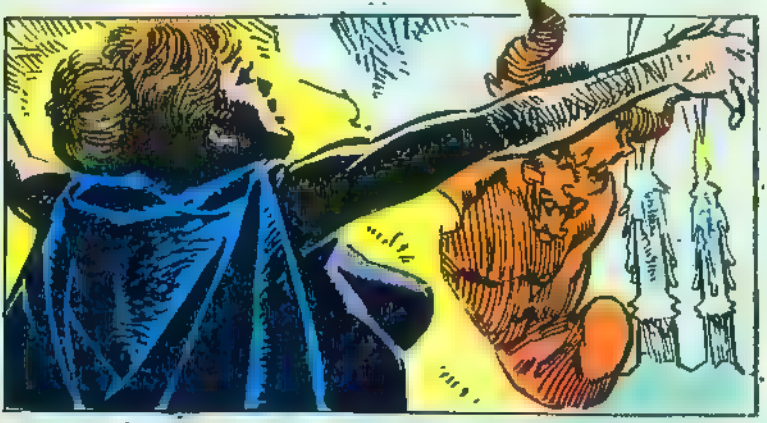
SABBAT. BY DEFINITION IS A MIDNIGHT ASSEMBLY OF WITCHES, SORCERERS, AND WORSHIPPERS OF THE DEVIL....TO RENEW THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO SATAN!

THE MOST CELEBRATED MEETING PLACE FOR SUCH CREATURES WAS *THE BROCKEN*, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS OF GERMANY.

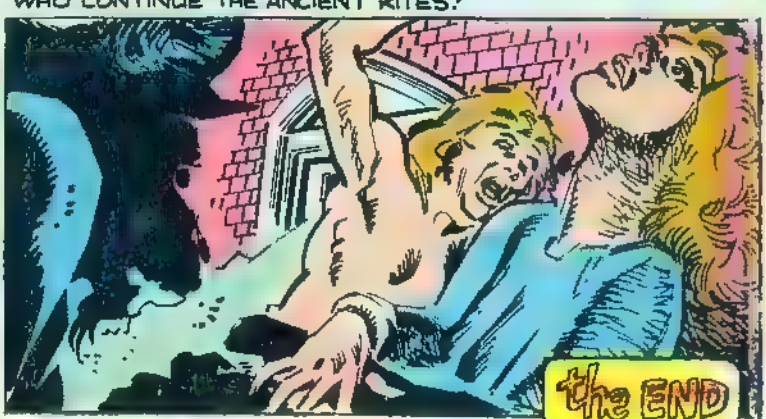
THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT *SABBATS* ARE HELD AT ROODMAS, APRIL 30, AND THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 31 (OUR HALLOWEEN)....

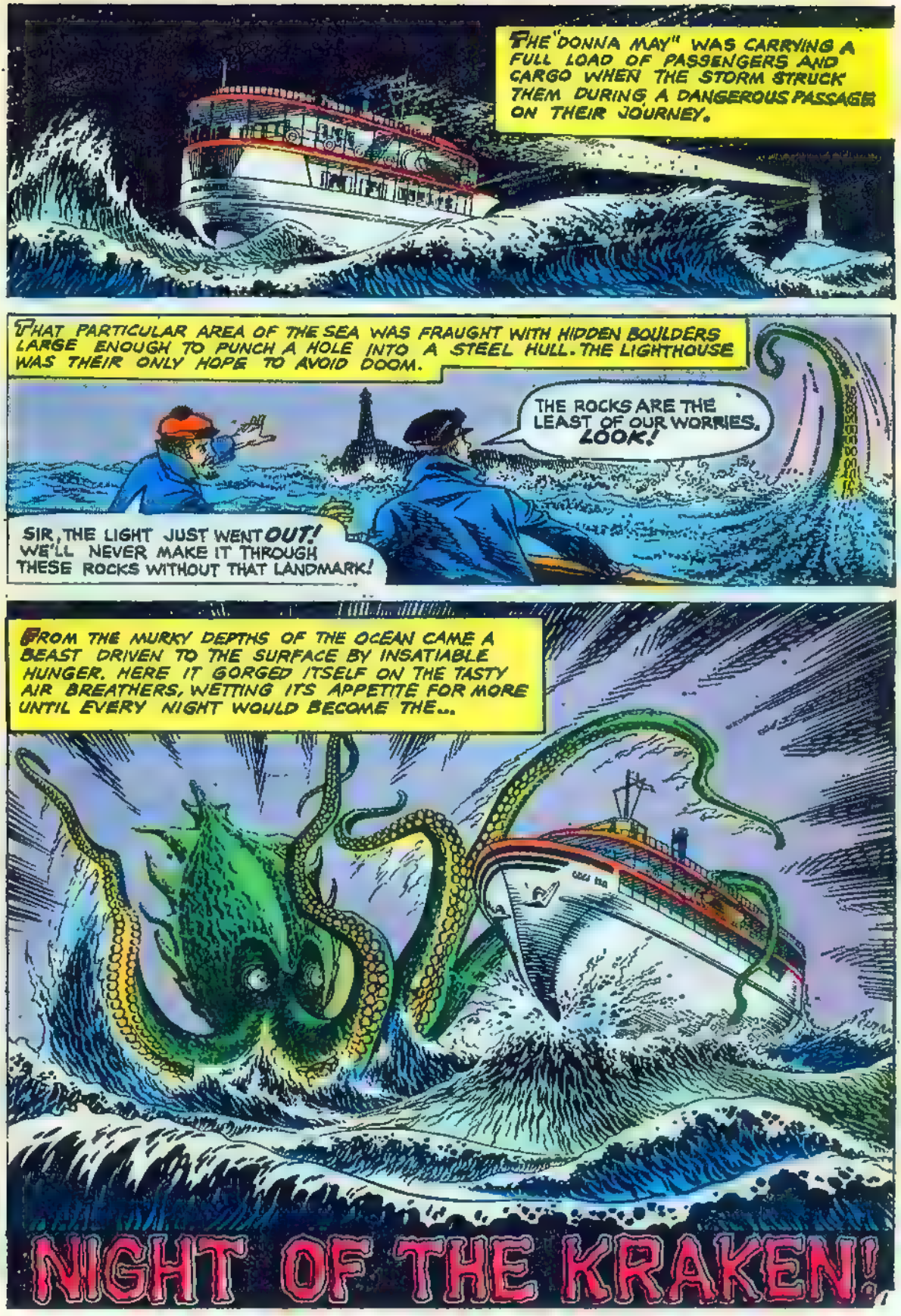


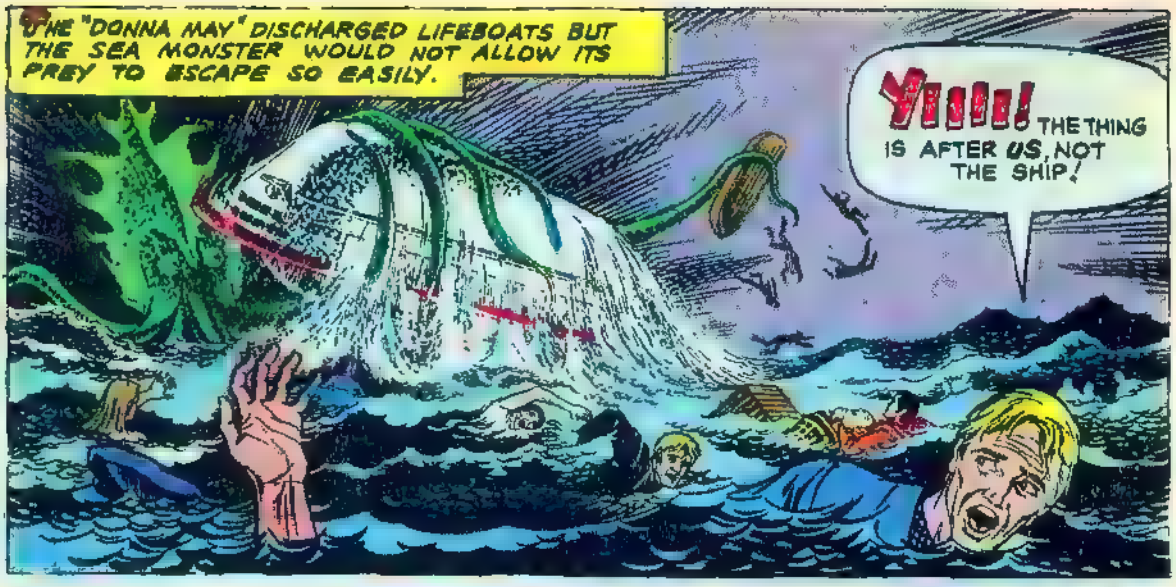
AT SUCH CEREMONIES, NEW MEMBERS ARE INITIATED. THE CANDIDATE IS REQUIRED TO RECITE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO SATAN....



WITCHCRAFT IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF AN ANCIENT RELIGION OR FERTILITY CULT THAT PREVAILED OVER ALL OF EUROPE. CHRISTIANITY OPPOSED IT.... AND CHRISTIANITY WON.... BUT THERE ARE STILL GROUPS OF WITCHES CALLED *COVENS* WHO CONTINUE THE ANCIENT RITES!



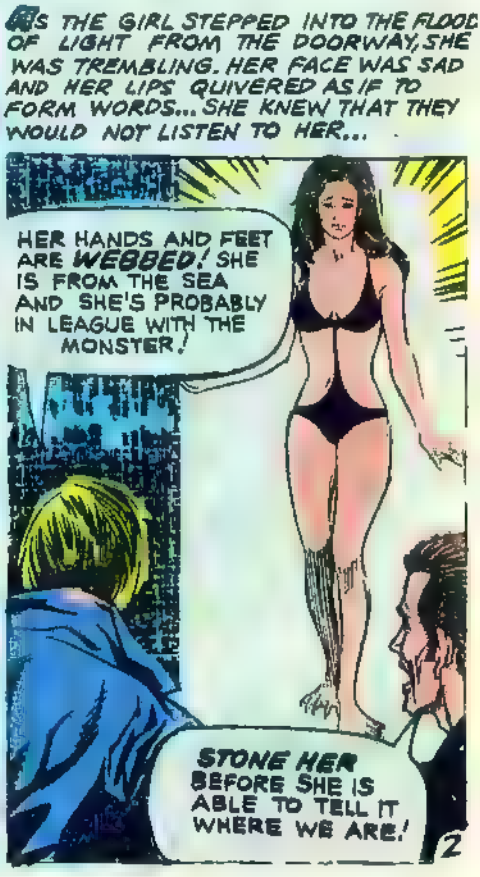

THE "DONNA MAY" WAS CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF PASSENGERS AND CARGO WHEN THE STORM STRUCK THEM DURING A DANGEROUS PASSAGE ON THEIR JOURNEY.
THAT PARTICULAR AREA OF THE SEA WAS FRAUGHT WITH HIDDEN BOULDERS LARGE ENOUGH TO PUNCH A HOLE INTO A STEEL HULL. THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS THEIR ONLY HOPE TO AVOID DOOM.
THE ROCKS ARE THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES. LOOK!
SIR, THE LIGHT JUST WENT OUT! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT THROUGH THESE ROCKS WITHOUT THAT LANDMARK!
FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN CAME A BEAST DRIVEN TO THE SURFACE BY INSATIABLE HUNGER. HERE IT GORGED ITSELF ON THE TASTY AIR BREATHERS, WETTING ITS APPETITE FOR MORE UNTIL EVERY NIGHT WOULD BECOME THE...
NIGHT OF THE KRAKEN!

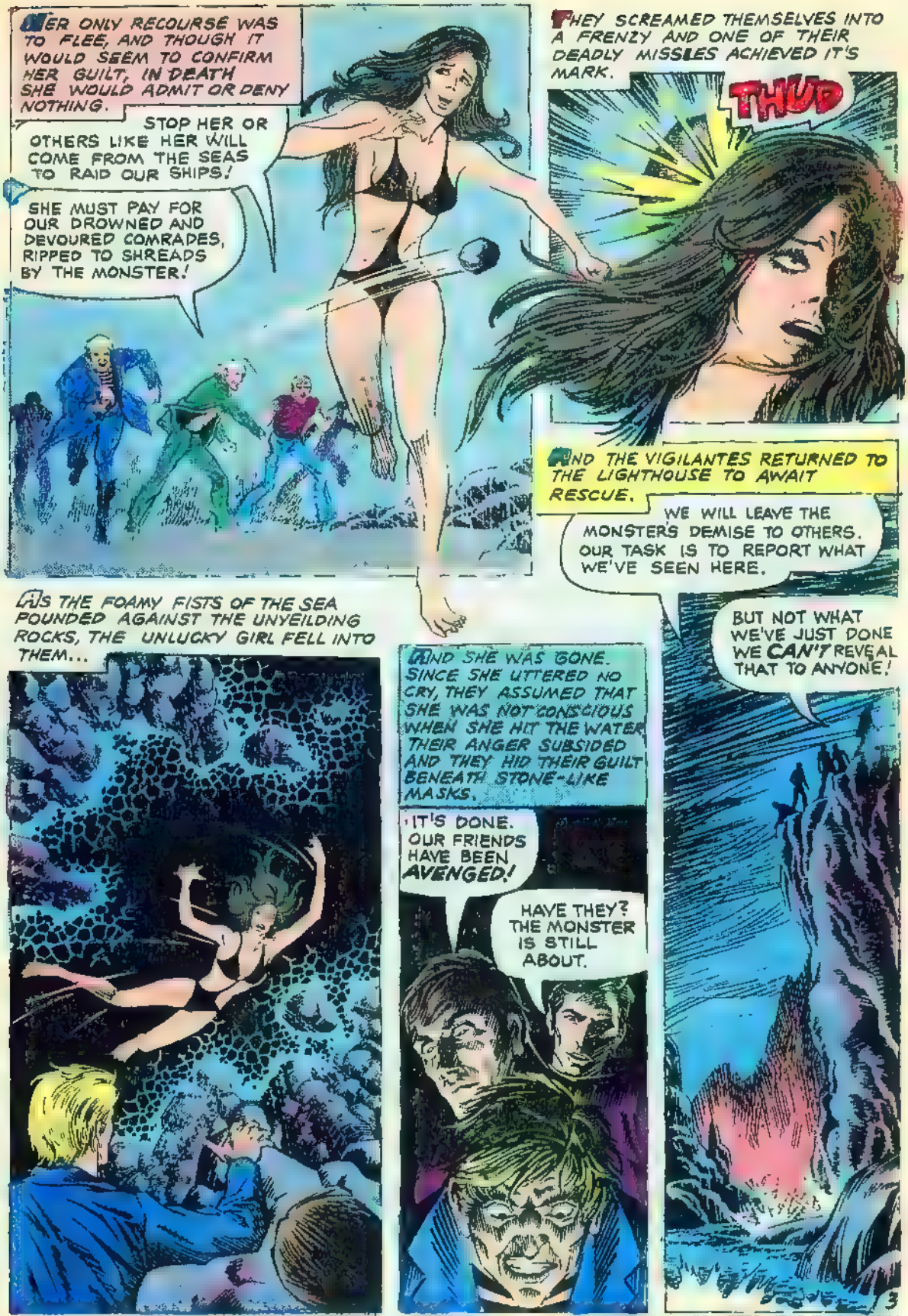

THE "DONNA MAY" DISCHARGED LIFEBOATS BUT THE SEA MONSTER WOULD NOT ALLOW ITS PREY TO ESCAPE SO EASILY.
YEEEE! THE THING IS AFTER US, NOT THE SHIP!

SWIM TOWARD THE ISLAND. WE MUST GET OUT OF THE WATER AND AWAY FROM THE CREATURE!

THOUGH EXHAUSTED AND FRIGHTENED, THE SURVIVORS OF THE ORDEAL WERE ANGRY ENOUGH TO HARBOR THOUGHTS OF REVENGE IN THEIR MINDS!
WHERE IS THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER! IT WAS THAT FIEND WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHT AND SET US UP AS EASY PREY FOR THE SEA BEAST!

THE KEEPER IS OVER HERE BUT HE APPEARS TO BE AS MUCH A VICTIM AS WE WERE. HE'S UNCONSCIOUS.
WHO'S THAT BY THE LIGHTHOUSE? STEP INTO THE LIGHT OF THE DOORWAY SO THAT WE MAY SEE YOU.

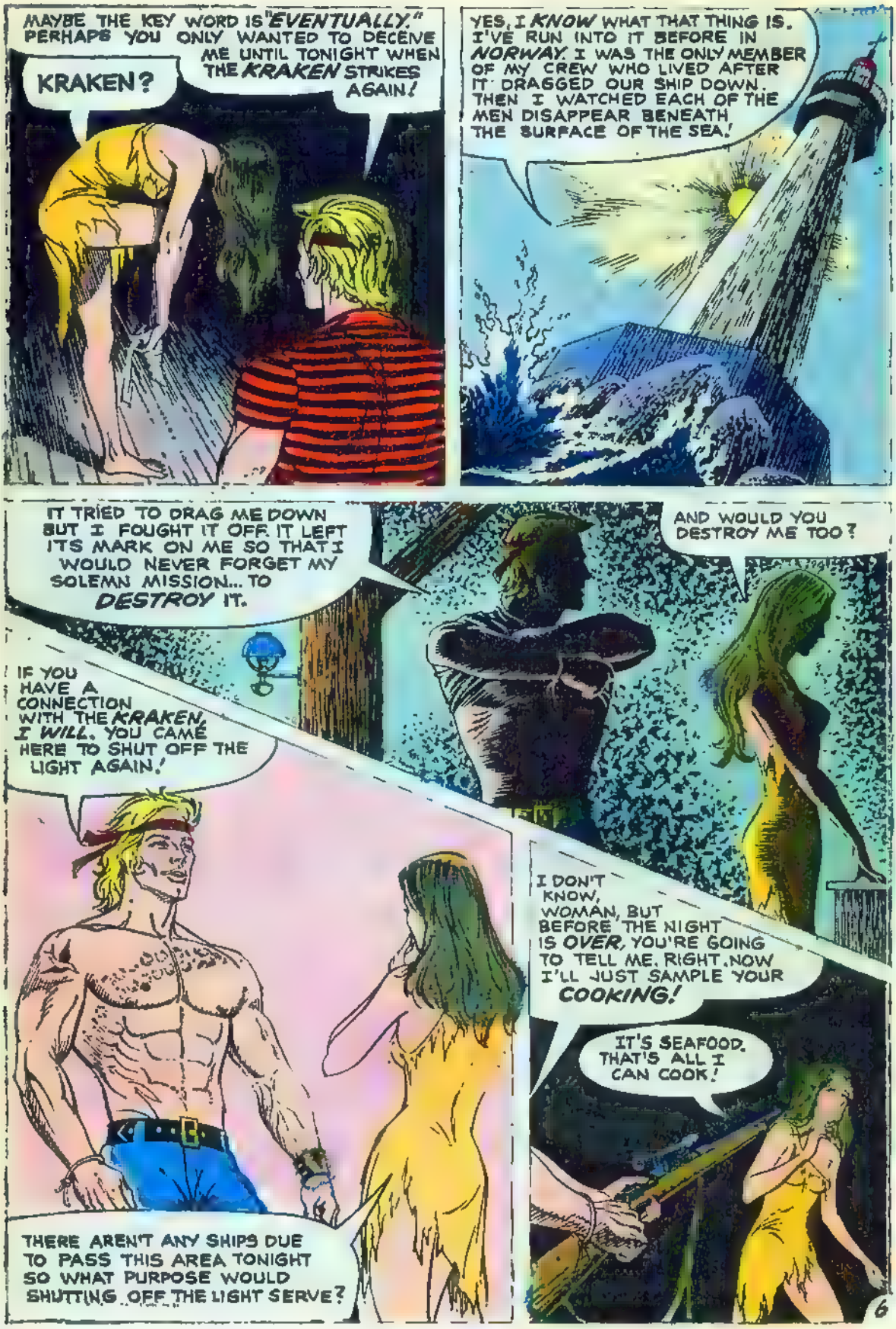

AS THE GIRL STEPPED INTO THE FLOOD OF LIGHT FROM THE DOORWAY, SHE WAS TREMBLING. HER FACE WAS SAD AND HER LIPS QUIVERED AS IF TO FORM WORDS... SHE KNEW THAT THEY WOULD NOT LISTEN TO HER...
HER HANDS AND FEET ARE WEBBED! SHE IS FROM THE SEA AND SHE'S PROBABLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE MONSTER!
STONE HER BEFORE SHE IS ABLE TO TELL IT WHERE WE ARE!

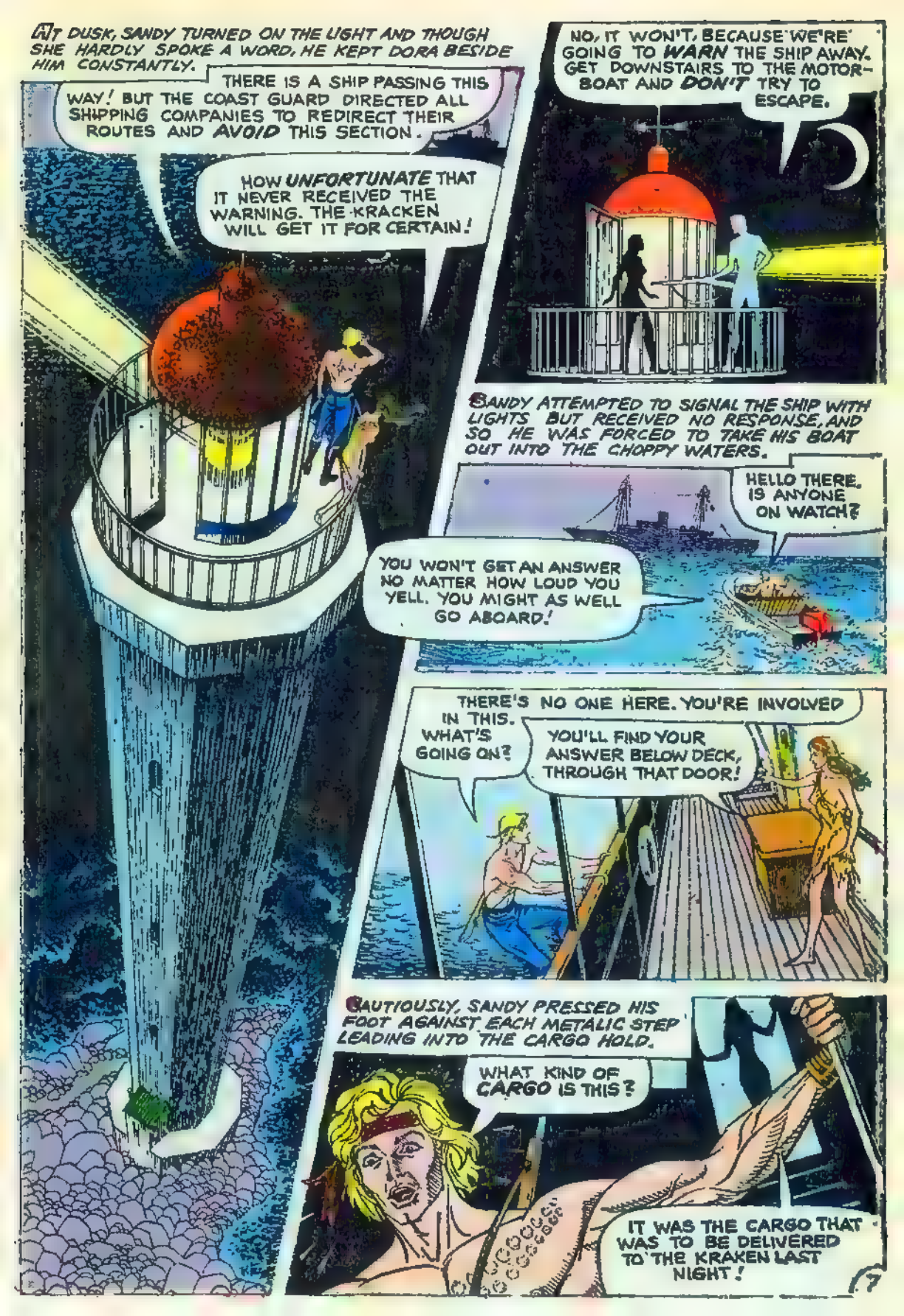

HER ONLY RECOURSE WAS TO FLEE, AND THOUGH IT WOULD SEEM TO CONFIRM HER GUILT, IN DEATH SHE WOULD ADMIT OR DENY NOTHING.
STOP HER OR OTHERS LIKE HER WILL COME FROM THE SEAS TO RAID OUR SHIPS!
SHE MUST PAY FOR OUR DROWNED AND DEVOURED COMRADES, RIPPED TO SHREADS BY THE MONSTER!
THEY SCREAMED THEMSELVES INTO A FRENZY AND ONE OF THEIR DEADLY MISSLES ACHIEVED IT'S MARK.
THUD
AND THE VIGILANTES RETURNED TO THE LIGHTHOUSE TO AWAIT RESCUE.
WE WILL LEAVE THE MONSTERS DEMISE TO OTHERS. OUR TASK IS TO REPORT WHAT WE'VE SEEN HERE.
BUT NOT WHAT WE'VE JUST DONE WE CAN'T REVEAL THAT TO ANYONE!
AS THE FOAMY FISTS OF THE SEA POUNDED AGAINST THE UNYEILDING ROCKS, THE UNLUCKY GIRL FELL INTO THEM...
AND SHE WAS GONE. SINCE SHE UTTERED NO CRY, THEY ASSUMED THAT SHE WAS NOT CONSCIOUS WHEN SHE HIT THE WATER THEIR ANGER SUBSIDED AND THEY HID THEIR GUILT BENEATH STONE-LIKE MASKS.
IT'S DONE. OUR FRIENDS HAVE BEEN AVENGED!
HAVE THEY? THE MONSTER IS STILL ABOUT.
3

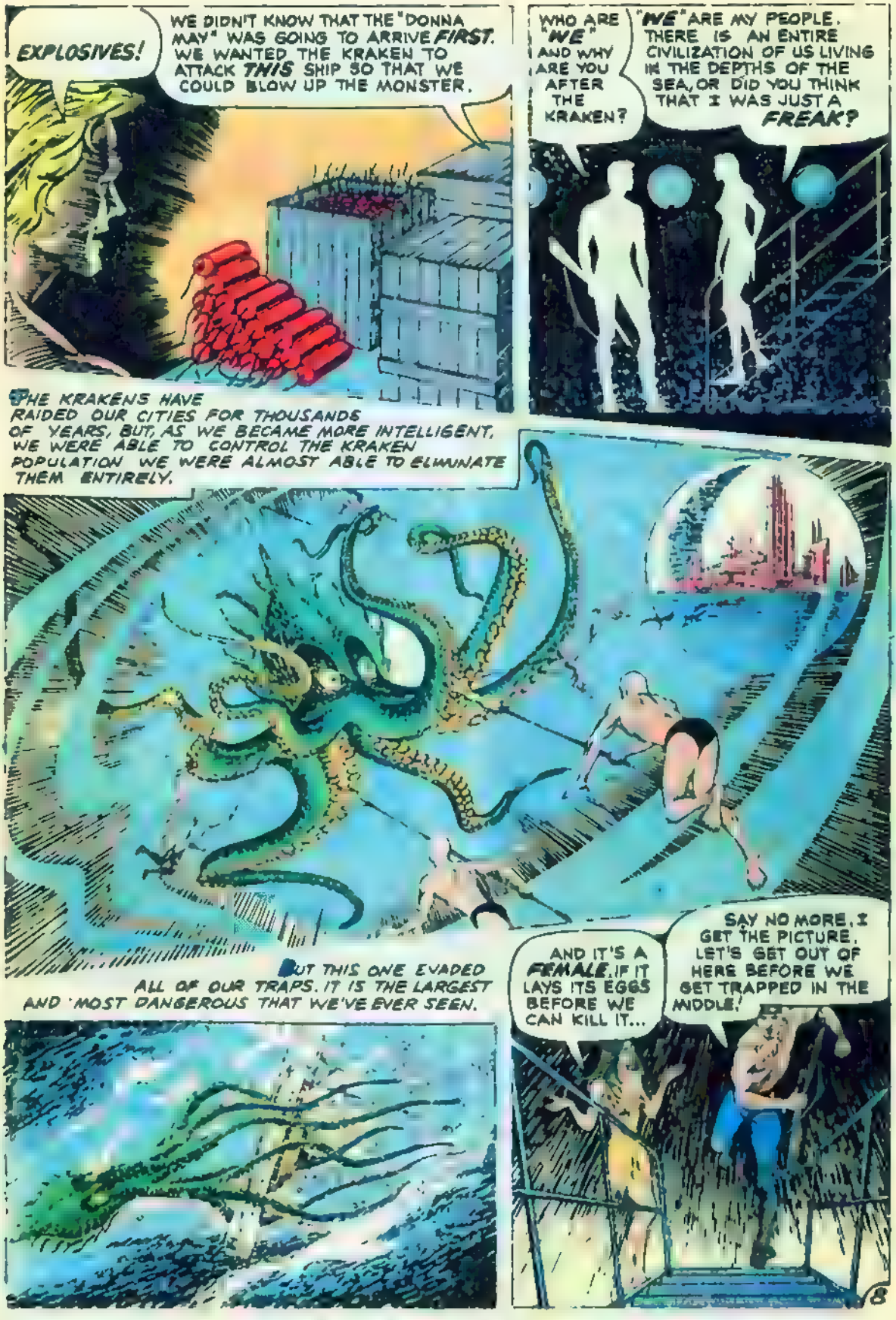
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

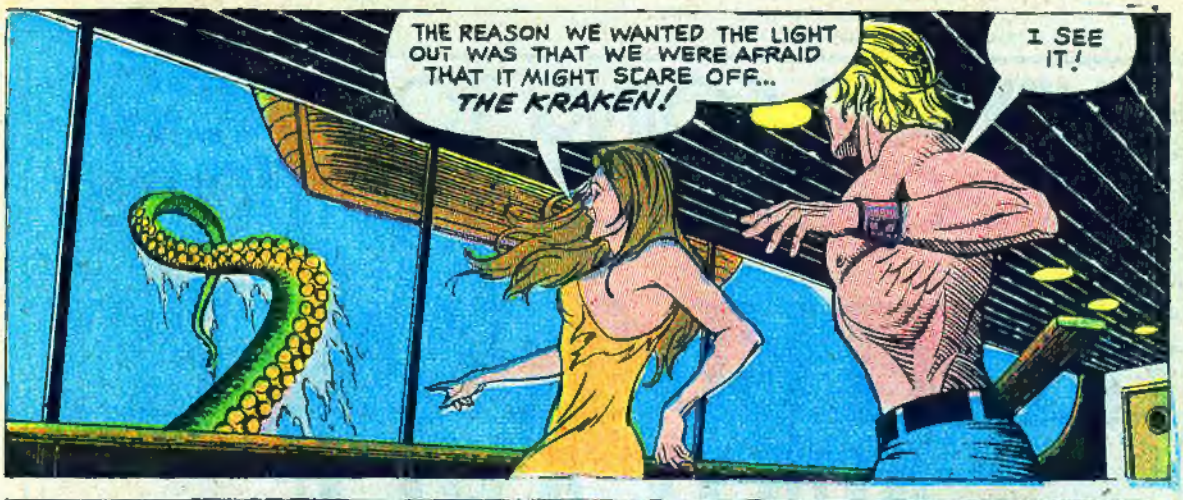
DURING THE NIGHT, RESCUE SHIPS FROM THE COAST GUARD REMOVED THE SURVIVORS FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND. STATEMENTS WERE TAKEN FROM THE CAPTAIN, THE PASSENGER AND THE KEEPER AND A REPLACEMENT WAS SENT TO THE ISLAND.
MIND YOU, SANDY, I AIN'T SAYING THAT I BELIEVE THOSE CRAZY STORIES 'BOUT A SEA MONSTER, BUT IT'S KINDA ODD FOR ALL THEM SURVNORS TA GO NUTS AT THE SAME TIME AND COME UP WITH THE SAME ACCOUNT!
YEAH, MAYBE STRANGE, AND MAYBE WHAT THEY SAID WAS TRUE!
I HAVE INCENDIARY SHELLS FOR IT, AS WELL AS EXPLOSIVE CARTRIDGES. I'M PREPARED FOR WHATEVER IT IS!
ALBATROS
HMMM. THAT'S THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S BOAT AND HE SAID THAT HE CAME OUT HERE ALONE. YET THE PASSENGERS MENTIONED SEEING A GIRL ON THE ISLAND. HOW DID SHE GET HERE WITH NO BOAT AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
AND MAYBE I'M HOPING THAT IT IS TRUE!
IF IT DID HAPPEN THE WAY THEY SAID IT DID THEN I DON'T THINK THAT YOUR LITTLE POP GUN IS GOING TO HELP YOU MUCH AGAINST THE MONSTER!
ALBATROS
I'M GLAD THAT YOU FEEL YOU ARE, BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T PAY ME ENOUGH MONEY TO SPEND THE NIGHT ON THAT ISLAND!
THERE'S SMOKE COMING FROM THE CHIMNEY BUT NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY BE HERE SINCE THERE'S ONLY ONE BOAT TIED TO THE DOCK. I'D BETTER MOVE CAUTIOUSLY.
4

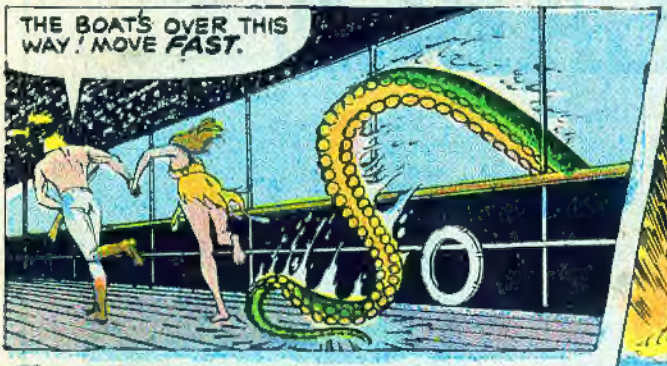
I CAN HEAR MOVEMENT INSIDE. METAL CLANGING LIKE POTS. I'D BETTER BE READY FOR A FIGHT!
EEEII! GOODNESS, BUT YOU STARTLED ME. I ALMOST SPILLED WHAT I WAS COOKING FOR YOU!
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE. WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SLAM
MY NAME IS DORA SLATTER AND I'M ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THAT SHIPWRECK LAST NIGHT. I WAS DRIFTING AIMLESSLY UNTIL THE MORNING SO I GUESS I MISSED THE RESCUE BOATS.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HANDS AND FEET!
I BURNED THEM IN THE WRECK I HAD TO CRAWL ALONG SOME HOT METAL TO REACH FLOATING DEBRIS. MUST YOU POINT THAT RIFLE AT ME?
I'LL PUT DOWN THE RIFLE WHEN I BELIEVE YOUR STORY. TAKE OFF ONE OF THE BANDAGES. NOW!
THERE WERE NO EXCUSES SHE COULD USE, THERE WAS NOWHERE SHE COULD HIDE IN ANGRY SILENCE SHE REMOVED THE CLOTH WRAPPINGS TO REVEAL THE SLENDER, WEBBED FINGERS OF AN AMPHIBIAN.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU EXPECTED TO GET AWAY WITH THIS RUSE. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT EVENTUALLY I WOULD HAVE CONNECTED YOU TO THE GIRL WHO WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT. YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE OFF THE REST OF YOUR... BANDAGES.
5


MAYBE THE KEY WORD IS "EVENTUALLY." PERHAPS YOU ONLY WANTED TO DECEIVE ME UNTIL TONIGHT WHEN THE KRAKEN STRIKES AGAIN!
KRAKEN?
YES, I KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS. I'VE RUN INTO IT BEFORE IN NORWAY. I WAS THE ONLY MEMBER OF MY CREW WHO LIVED AFTER IT DRAGGED OUR SHIP DOWN. THEN I WATCHED EACH OF THE MEN DISAPPEAR BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!
IT TRIED TO DRAG ME DOWN BUT I FOUGHT IT OFF. IT LEFT ITS MARK ON ME SO THAT I WOULD NEVER FORGET MY SOLEMN MISSION... TO DESTROY IT.
AND WOULD YOU DESTROY ME TOO?
IF YOU HAVE A CONNECTION WITH THE KRAKEN, I WILL. YOU CAME HERE TO SHUT OFF THE LIGHT AGAIN!
THERE AREN'T ANY SHIPS DUE TO PASS THIS AREA TONIGHT SO WHAT PURPOSE WOULD SHUTTING OFF THE LIGHT SERVE?
I DON'T KNOW, WOMAN, BUT BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER, YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME. RIGHT NOW I'LL JUST SAMPLE YOUR COOKING!
IT'S SEAFOOD. THAT'S ALL I CAN COOK!
6

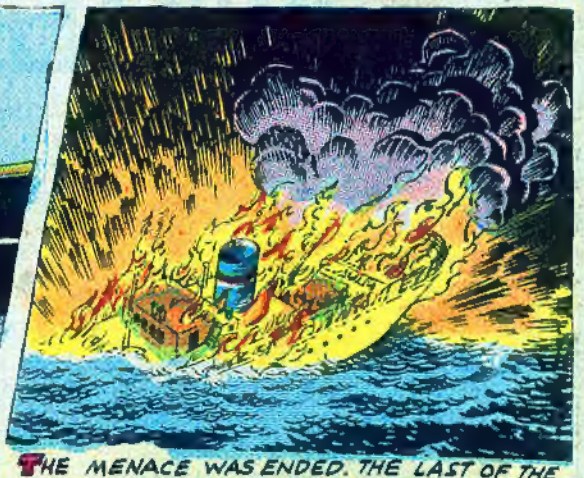

AT DUSK, SANDY TURNED ON THE LIGHT AND THOUGH SHE HARDLY SPOKE A WORD, HE KEPT DORA BESIDE HIM CONSTANTLY.
THERE IS A SHIP PASSING THIS WAY! BUT THE COAST GUARD DIRECTED ALL SHIPPING COMPANIES TO REDIRECT THEIR ROUTES AND AVOID THIS SECTION.
HOW UNFORTUNATE THAT IT NEVER RECEIVED THE WARNING. THE KRACKEN WILL GET IT FOR CERTAIN!
NO, IT WON'T, BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO WARN THE SHIP AWAY. GET DOWNSTAIRS TO THE MOTOR-BOAT AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE.
SANDY ATTEMPTED TO SIGNAL THE SHIP WITH LIGHTS BUT RECEIVED NO RESPONSE, AND SO HE WAS FORCED TO TAKE HIS BOAT OUT INTO THE CHOPPY WATERS.
HELLO THERE. IS ANYONE ON WATCH?
YOU WON'T GET AN ANSWER NO MATTER HOW LOUD YOU YELL. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO ABOARD!
THERE'S NO ONE HERE. YOU'RE INVOLVED IN THIS. WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOU'LL FIND YOUR ANSWER BELOW DECK, THROUGH THAT DOOR!
CAUTIOUSLY, SANDY PRESSED HIS FOOT AGAINST EACH METALIC STEP LEADING INTO THE CARGO HOLD.
WHAT KIND OF CARGO IS THIS?
IT WAS THE CARGO THAT WAS TO BE DELIVERED TO THE KRAKEN LAST NIGHT!
7

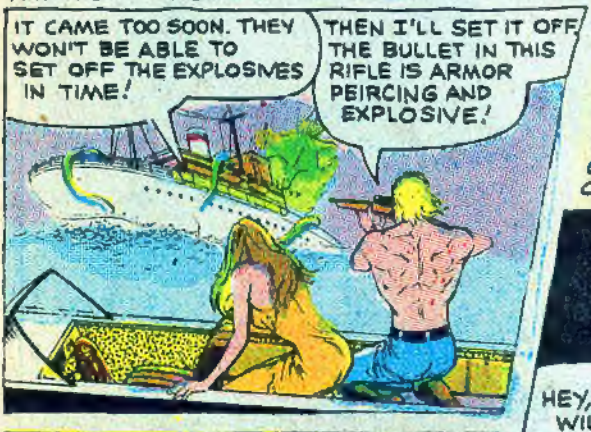

EXPLOSIVES!
WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE "DONNA MAY" WAS GOING TO ARRIVE FIRST. WE WANTED THE KRAKEN TO ATTACK THIS SHIP SO THAT WE COULD BLOW UP THE MONSTER.
WHO ARE "WE" AND WHY ARE YOU AFTER THE KRAKEN?
"WE" ARE MY PEOPLE. THERE IS AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION OF US LIVING IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, OR DID YOU THINK THAT I WAS JUST A FREAK?
THE KRAKENS HAVE RAIDED OUR CITIES FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, BUT, AS WE BECAME MORE INTELLIGENT, WE WERE ABLE TO CONTROL THE KRAKEN POPULATION WE WERE ALMOST ABLE TO ELIMINATE THEM ENTIRELY.
BUT THIS ONE EVADED ALL OF OUR TRAPS. IT IS THE LARGEST AND MOST DANGEROUS THAT WE'VE EVER SEEN.
AND IT'S A FEMALE. IF IT LAYS ITS EGGS BEFORE WE CAN KILL IT...
SAY NO MORE. I GET THE PICTURE. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE GET TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE!



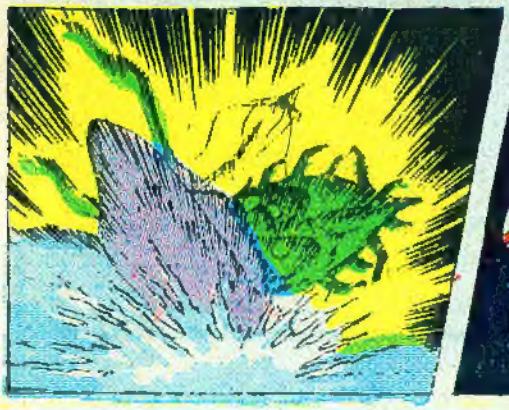


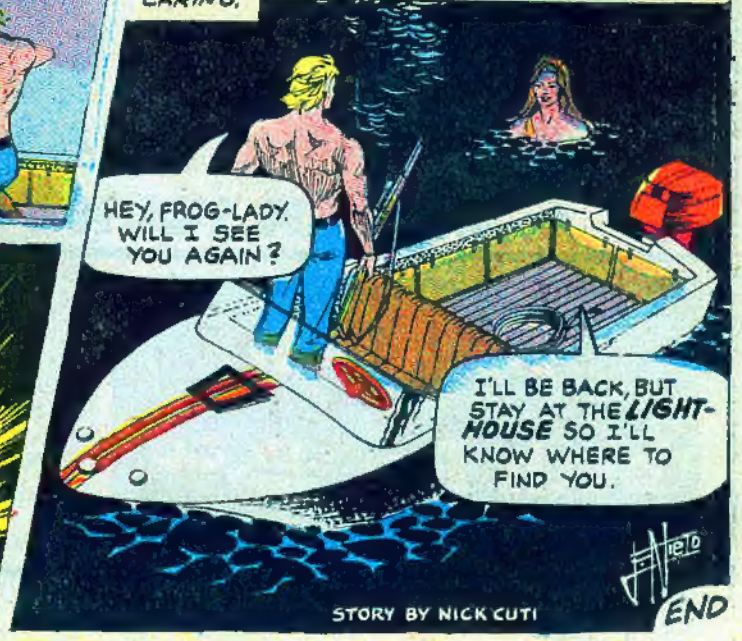
THEY WERE ABLE TO DODGE THE ENTWINING TENTACLES AND SOON THE SEAMAN AND THE AMPHIBIAN WERE A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY.




IT CAME TOO SOON. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES IN TIME!
THEN I'LL SET IT OFF THE BULLET IN THIS RIFLE IS ARMOR PEIRCING AND EXPLOSIVE!

THE MENACE WAS ENDED. THE LAST OF THE KRAKENS WOULD NO LONGER SLAUGHTER THE PEACEFUL AMPHIBIANS, NOR WOULD SHIPLOADS OF AIR BREATHERS BE DROWNED COILED WITHIN ITS TENTACLES. SANDFORD WILLIS HAD PAID A DEPT HE OWED TO A GROUP OF MEN WHO WERE LONG PAST CARING.

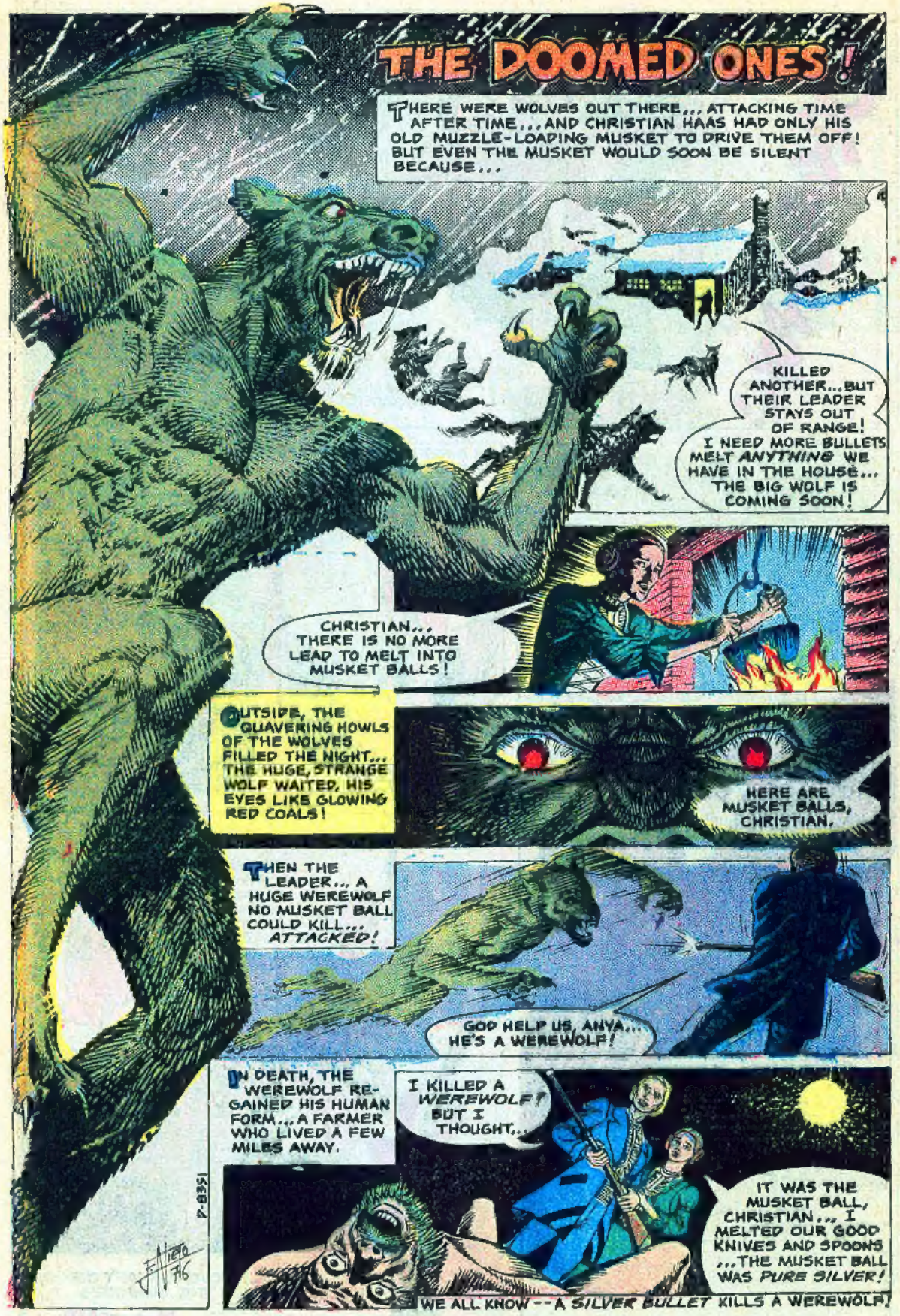




STORY BY NICK CUTI

END

FOREVERMORE!
A SAILING SHIP LEAVING CALAIS, FRANCE, IN 1803, CARRIED A STRANGE PASSENGER TO AMERICA....
I MUST BE PATIENT! IN AMERICA, I CAN TAKE MY VICTIMS AT WILL.... AND LIVE FOREVER!
NOT A MAN NOTICED THE PASSENGER VANISH.... BUT MANY SAW THE STRANGE CREATURE, A THOUSAND MILES AT SEA, FLYING ABOVE THE SHIP!
CAP'N-- LOOK!
A HUGE BAT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE THIS FAR FROM LAND!
IN AMERICA, THE VAMPIRE FOUND HIS VICTIMS....
THEY DO NOT SUSPECT.... I SHALL GO ON FOR CENTURIES!
THANG
BUT AN INDIAN, ONE OF A SCORE OF RAIDERS, DID THE ONLY THING THAT COULD END THE CAREER OF A VAMPIRE....
AAAAGGHH!!
THE SAVAGE DROVE A SHAFT OF WOOD THROUGH THE VAMPIRE'S HEART!
THE END
D-8354


THE DOOMED ONES!
THERE WERE WOLVES OUT THERE... ATTACKING TIME AFTER TIME... AND CHRISTIAN HAAS HAD ONLY HIS OLD MUZZLE-LOADING MUSKET TO DRIVE THEM OFF! BUT EVEN THE MUSKET WOULD SOON BE SILENT BECAUSE...
KILLED ANOTHER... BUT THEIR LEADER STAYS OUT OF RANGE! I NEED MORE BULLETS MELT ANYTHING WE HAVE IN THE HOUSE... THE BIG WOLF IS COMING SOON!
CHRISTIAN... THERE IS NO MORE LEAD TO MELT INTO MUSKET BALLS!
OUTSIDE, THE QUAVERING HOWLS OF THE WOLVES FILLED THE NIGHT... THE HUGE, STRANGE WOLF WAITED, HIS EYES LIKE GLOWING RED COALS!
HERE ARE MUSKET BALLS, CHRISTIAN.
THEN THE LEADER... A HUGE WEREWOLF NO MUSKET BALL COULD KILL... ATTACKED!
GOD HELP US, ANYA... HE'S A WEREWOLF!
IN DEATH, THE WEREWOLF REGAINED HIS HUMAN FORM... A FARMER WHO LIVED A FEW MILES AWAY.
I KILLED A WEREWOLF! BUT I THOUGHT...
IT WAS THE MUSKET BALL, CHRISTIAN... I MELTED OUR GOOD KNIVES AND SPOONS ...THE MUSKET BALL WAS PURE SILVER!
WE ALL KNOW -- A SILVER BULLET KILLS A WEREWOLF!
P-8351
F. Nieto 76

BAD BLOOD

5465

The shining, full moon inched its way upward. Slowly, ever so slowly, it crept higher and higher into the sky.

Large, black clouds blotted out the face of the moon as patches of low hanging thunderheads drifted past the gleaming satellite.

Night birds shrieked in alarm as they sailed through the ominous sky above the decrepit, deserted castle of Count Trafgar!

None of the local inhabitants dared to enter the horrible home of evil Count Trafgar. The sinister Count had sold his soul to Satan in exchange for immortality. Count Trafgar was a vampire!

Down in the dark dungeon of the deserted castle, the Count was beginning to stir. The lid of his coffin slowly slid open.

"Again, I live," lisped the Count as he sat up stiffly. "Tonight, I will hunt for a mortal. I must have blood! My veins are dry. Someone must die, so that I can continue to live," said the Count as he climbed out of his casket.

Rays of lunar light flooded the dungeon as the dark clouds lifted to reveal the glowing face of the full moon. The light of the moon did not warm the Count's cold body even though he attempted to bask in its dim rays. His limbs were cold. He was cold and hungry. It was time for him to fly! It was time for him to feed! It was time for him to feast on blood!

Raising his arms toward Mother Moon, the spawn of evil prayed to Satan. He muttered the mystical chant and the eerie ritual of transformation began. In an instant, the magical metamorphosis was complete. The Count was no longer a man. The creature of the night had altered its shape and form. A bat hovered in the air where the man had stood.

Out of an open window and off into the night sky the creature flew. Up, up, higher and higher, toward the moon the eerie animal soared. In its soul burned a craving that had to be satisfied. Blood, it had to have fresh blood.

Obtaining the thick, red liquid that it needed would not be an easy task. The Count had an infamous reputation. Few, if any, of the local inhabitants dared to venture out into the darkness.

When the moon was full, windows were shuttered. Doors were locked. People remained in their homes where they were safe. Only fools and unbelievers were easy prey for Count Trafgar!

Finding such dolts was difficult, but when he did, the Count's fangs left their fatal marks on the throats of the foolish ones and his victims moved no more.

This night, the Count flew hard and far before he spied an open window. Down out of the sky, he plummetted like a raven whose wings wouldn't work. When he saw the red cross on the roof, he realized that the building was a hospital, but that realization did not cause him to alter his course. Through the open window, he swooped.

A single, flickering candle made his shadow dance on the wall of the room as he returned to his human form.

There, on a bed, in a corner of the room, was a lovely young woman. Slowly, the Count stepped toward his sleeping victim.

When he set eyes upon her, instinctively, he knew that she was sick; but it didn't matter. She was ill, but still alive. Her body was feverish, but her blood was fresh. Blood was blood! He would drain her of her life fluid and put her out of her misery.

The sinister monster leaned over the girl and gently pressed his moist lips against the clammy flesh of her neck.

Slowly, the beast began to feast. The girl's blood gave him new life, new strength. If Trafgar left a single pint of the juice of life in her veins, she would share his eternal curse, but the greedy fiend drained every drop of blood from her body. The girl escaped a horrible fate, but forfeited her life.

"The moon is low! I must return to my castle," muttered Trafgar as he licked his blood stained lips.

Just then, there was a noise at the door. Slowly, the knob began to turn.

Quickly, Trafgar raised his arms. Instantly, he changed back into a bat. Like a bolt of black lightning, he streaked out of the window and disappeared into the clouds.

The door jerked open. A nurse and a doctor peeked into the room.

"She'll be dead by morning," announced the doctor as he stared at the young girl on the bed. "She was bitten by a rabid dog. The deadly disease has progressed too far for us to help her!"

Silently, sadly, the nurse nodded and shut the door.